

# Good Morning 481

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

LIONEL Barrymore, in an interview with Dick Gordon tells the story of the beginning of films:—

THERE probably isn't one person in thousands who knows the name of the first actor to appear before a motion picture camera.

I was talking to him just a few days ago. He is an old friend of mine, Hector V. Sarno, who's still acting before the camera today.

Not long ago he played a servant in "The White Cliffs of Dover."

He was the first professional from the stage to enter Edison's "little black box" in 1898 to enact a scene for the cumbersome, grinding machine with its two-inch-wide film that was the grand-daddy of the electrically-operated camera of today.

I wasn't in pictures then. It was ten years later that my good friend David Walker Griffith gave me a chance at them. And on my first day at the studio, I met Sarno, who had stayed steadily on the screen since the day he and Estrellita, the dancer, were photographed at Menlo Park.

Actors in those days thought it a disgrace to detour from the stage to the "leaping tintypes," but there was money in it, so they'd play hookey from the theatre and become picture-actors under assumed names.

One-reel dramas were the thing. It is amazing how "East Lynne" and other standard plays were compressed into films sixteen and a half minutes long.

The camera was a heavy square box with machinery driven by bicycle chains, and made a noise like a recalcitrant flivver.

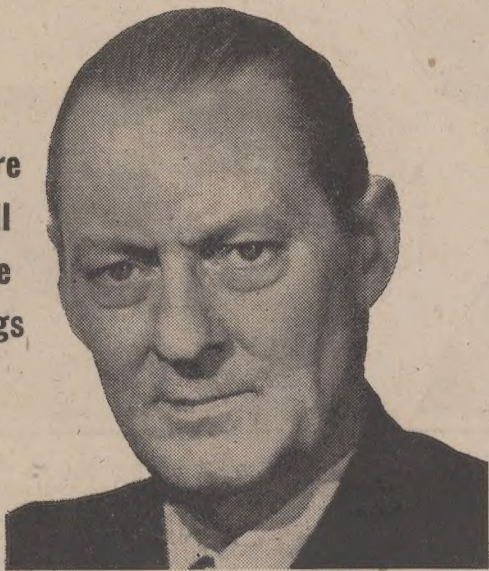
Scenery was painted cloth, as on the stage. Direct sunlight was our only illuminant. It cast harsh shadows, which made the actor's eyes register like black holes on the slow film of those days.

An ingenious cameraman later conceived the idea of a board, painted with aluminium paint, to act as a reflector and "kick" light into the eyes.

I worked in a motion picture the first time in 1909, in a picture entitled "Friends."

In 1915, by which time stage actors were becoming less ash-

Lionel Barrymore knows all about the beginnings of films



amed of appearing in pictures, and screen credits were beginning to be used, I was cast in the "Exploits of Elaine," with Pearl White.

These serials were packed with lurid action, and originated the profession of "doubles"; stunt men to dress like the hero and heroine for rides, falls, leaps from bridges and the like.

Those acrobats would do anything, from jumping through the window of a moving train to catching the wing of an old pusher plane and going up with it.

It was in those days that I met T. Hayes Hunter, one of the great directors of his time. Once a group of unpaid extras went on strike and threatened to wreck the studio. Hunter was filming a "battle" at the Palisades. I was at the studio. Something had to be done to hold the mob until Hunter arrived to pay them off.

I got on a soap box and harangued them until the fire department arrived with hoses to relieve the town's three policemen and myself.

It was in 1915 that I joined the old Metro organisation, where we made "The Millionaire's Double" and others.

In those days many location trips were taken. In 1922 George Fitzmaurice took a company to Rome for "The Eternal City." While there I met Mussolini, then a struggling young editor, intensely interested in the making of films.

Acting was broad pantomime then. The actor who could best emulate a human semaphore was in demand.

GRADUALLY, acting became more sophisticated and less physical. In 1924, when I joined the newly-formed Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organisation for "The Barrier," it had reached normalcy, and the printed subtitles had become literary.

### IDOL TALK

A 2,000-YEAR-OLD stone image of the Hindu god Mahabishnu has been found by boys in the village of Eksar, India, while engaged in the innocent and traditional game of hunting for buried treasure. The image is drawing large crowds from neighbouring villages, and people in the locality have asked the authorities to preserve the idol for worship.

It looks as though the boys have given their parents something to talk—and pray—about for a long time.

# THE COP ALSO RAN

FRED ARCHER Will Be Present.

This final line in an advertisement telling of a popular race meeting to be held on a small Midland track had great pulling power. At least, the name of Fred Archer meant additional thousands to the gate at the meeting. Thus, when the moment arrived for the races to commence, there was a record crowd assembled, every spectator anxious to see the peerless Fred in action.

For some time prior to this meeting Archer had been very ill, and when rumour went around that he was unlikely to ride there were folk who were of the opinion that his name on the advertisement had been but a stunt. What really had happened was that Archer, on his way to the meeting, had called to see a doctor. This made him late, and he missed the first race.

Serious trouble might have developed had not Archer, arriving on the scene, and being told by the frightened course officials what was happening, immediately mounted a horse that happened to be standing by, and wearing his ordinary travelling clothes, rode down the course.

He did not say a word. Did nothing to make the crowd take notice of him, but when he was recognised, that wonderful style of his making him a figure to admire, the restless and dangerous sections of the crowd began to cheer.

They realised that they were wrong in sensing a double-cross; that the sponsor's of the meeting were not planning a racket with the bookmakers.

"Well, that soon settled that little problem," said Fred Archer, when he returned to the paddock. "Now I guess I'll have to prepare for some real business."

Fred Archer never looked fit. Actually, he was always on the frail side, although his love of racing often resulted in him riding when he ought to have been resting. Once when suffering from a broken arm, he rode and won five races in a single day. On the occasion of which I write he was really in a bad way; had been ordered to take a long rest. But Fred wasn't built that way. He simply had to race.

And what thrills he gave the crowd! The news that Archer really was riding spread like wildfire around the countryside. People who had never before taken an interest in racing flocked to see the man whose name was associated with the greatness of the turf.

"Well, it looks as if you've really done something to the crowd, Fred," one of his friends remarked. "Why, they've even had to call in the mounted police to help hold back the people."

Fred Archer looked up in that solemn way he had and said: "Yes, I see the police; especially those mounted on horses. Wish, though, that they were not so close. Their mounts might want to join in the race."

The man laughed, thinking that Fred was cracking one of his rare jokes.

But the jockey was serious. He knew horses as well as any man who ever lived. Knew that they have special feelings that those who had not made a lifelong study of the animals would never suspect they possessed.

As he went to the starting post, along with eight other starters, Fred Archer could not get off his mind those police horses. Big and strong they looked. Might have a good turn of speed, too, thought Archer, his mind, as usual, man...

Says JOHN ALLEN  
When Fred Archer  
was on the course,  
'THE CROWD ROARED'  
with delight

thinking of a horse as a possible mount.

Then the starting flag dropped, and Archer, in his usual manner, immediately shot into the lead.

The immaculate way he handled his horse was being admired by everyone, when, without warning, there was a sudden shout of "Look out, Fred!"

It came from an elderly bookmaker—and pulled up the jockey with a start. He recognised the voice of an old friend. A man who would only shout if shouting were necessary, and in a split second Archer realised that his worst fears had come true.

A police horse had joined in the race!

As Fred's mount had flashed past, the police horse, standing near the rails, had put back his ears, leapt the rails, and with his master trying vainly to regain control, was streaking beside Fred up the straight!

"I'll lay evens the 'Police-man'!" shouted one bookmaker.

What a race developed! The rest of the field disappeared, and with the famous jockey, and unknown policeman, racing neck to neck, the vast crowd, roaring with excitement, witnessed one of the most remarkable races of all time.

One second Archer would lead; next moment the policeman would force his way to the front. Archer, always a realist, sensed what a defeat would mean, and urged from his mount, without use of the whip, every atom of energy still held in reserve.

This did the trick. Slowly—very slowly—the racehorse nosed into the lead, and when the winning-post had been passed about eight inches separated Fred Archer from defeat.

Now, if Fred Archer had been beaten by that policeman...

## Mary writes a letter to Stoker James P. McGhee

Dear Jim,—Everything is fine at 6 Horsford-road, Brixton, and I am still carrying on at work.

While I am writing this, Nigger is doing his best to come in through the window, and is looking a bit black because Sam is keeping him away from his dinner. Paddy, your 57 variety pal, is still as mischievous as ever.

They are waiting for you round at "The Hope" to show them how darts really should be played, and are reserving a man-size drop of wallop for you, ready for the day.

We have had no word from Bill yet, but he'll soon be putting the Japs on the run. Hope the day is not far distant when we shall be together again for good.

All my love.—MARY.

Marthy in "Anna Christie," and I for that "Free Soul" part. I'll never forget our appearance together a little later in "The Late Christopher Bean." It was Marie's last picture.

I could go on for ever, it seems, telling about "Night Flight," "Rasputin," "Captains Courageous," and the rest, down to "A Guy Named Joe." Memories come to me—of Jean Harlow, Garbo, Lon Chaney, and the rest.

But memories are dangerous. They cause one to be introspective.

Twenty years of success have passed for M.-G.-M. I am proud to have been a cog in the machinery.

I don't want to look back at the last twenty years. I'm looking forward to the next twenty years.

I like to envision Leo, the Lion, as much as old Dr. Gillespie. He sits in his chair, whirls towards the camera, and roars "Next patient!"

That's what, it seems to me, Leo is doing.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# KING SOLOMON'S MINES

AFTER spending a week in Cape Town, finding that they overcharged me at the hotel, and having seen everything there was to see, including the botanical gardens, which seem to me likely to confer a great benefit on the country, and the new Houses of Parliament, which I expect will do nothing of the sort, I determined to go on back to Natal by the "Dunkeld," then lying in the docks waiting for the "Edinburgh Castle" due in from England. I took my berth and went aboard; and that afternoon the Natal passengers from the "Edinburgh Castle" transhipped, and we weighed and put out to sea.

Among the passengers who came on board there were two who excited my curiosity. One, a man of about thirty, was perhaps the biggest-chested and longest-armed man I ever saw. He had yellow hair, a big yellow beard, clear-cut features, and large grey eyes set deep into his head. I never saw a finer-looking man.

Sir Henry Curtis, for that was the big man's name, reminded me strongly of somebody else, but at the time I could not remember who it was.

The other man who stood it out except to wipe it. At first talking to Sir Henry was short, stout, and dark, and of quite a different cut. I suspected at once that he was a naval officer. I don't know why, but it is difficult to mistake a navy man. I have gone shooting trips with several of them in the course of my life, and they have always been just the best and bravest and nicest fellows I ever met, though given to the use of profane language.

His name I found out—by referring to the passenger's list—was Good—Captain John Good. He was so very neat and so very clean shaved, and he always wore an eye-glass in his left eye. It seemed to grow there, for it had no string, and he never took

## The First Meeting

"That pendulum's wrong; it is not properly weighted," suddenly said a voice at my shoulder somewhat testily. Looking round I saw the naval officer I had noticed when the passengers came aboard.

"Indeed, now what makes you think so?" I asked.

"Think so. I don't think at all. Why there—as she righted herself after a roll—if the ship had really rolled to the degree that thing pointed to then she would never have rolled again, that's all. But it is just like these merchant skippers, they always are so confoundedly careless."

## Answers to Test in No. 480.

1. They are both metals, heavy, soft, electrical conductors, conductors of heat, able to be beaten into thin sheets, ductile, pliable, insoluble in water, bright when pure.
2. Sour is not the name of a confection; others are.
3. Aberdeen.
4. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that the second column would balance the first, and Violet needn't have worried!

## Rider Haggard's Great Adventure Yarn of Darkest Africa



Sir Henry  
Curtis and  
Capt. John  
Good

Just then the dinner-bell rang, Henry Curtis, when the steward letter told me that I might im- and I was not sorry, for it is a had brought the whisky and lit plicitly rely upon it, as you were," dreadful thing to have to listen the lamp, "the year before last he said, "well known and uni- to an officer of the Royal Navy about this time you were, I be- versally respected in Natal, and when he gets on to that subject, lieve, at a place called Bamang- especially noted for your dis- I only know one worse thing, wato, to the north of the Trans- cretion."

and that is to hear a merchant vaal." I bowed and drank some skipper express his candid opinion "I was," I answered, rather whisky. surprised that this gentleman should be so well acquainted with my movements.

Captain Good and I went down to dinner together, and there we found Sir Henry Curtis already seated. He and Captain Good you not?" put in Captain Good, him.

"You were trading there, were minded me of when I first saw you not?" put in Captain Good, him.

"I was," I took up a wagon- got into talk about shooting and load of goods, and made a camp what not; he asking me many outside the settlement, and stopped till I had sold them."

Sir Henry looked up, fixing his large grey eyes full upon my face. There was a curious anxiety in them I thought.

"Did you happen to meet a man called Neville there?"

"Oh, yes; he outspanned along- side of me for a fortnight to rest his oxen before going on to the interior. I had a letter from a lawyer a few months back, asking me if I knew what had become of him, which I answered to the best of my ability at the time."

"Yes," said Sir Henry, "your letter was forwarded to me."

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry suddenly, "I suppose you know or can guess nothing more of the reasons of my— of Mr. Neville's journey to the northward, or as to what point that journey was directed?"

"I heard something," I answered, and stopped. The subject was one which I did not care to discuss.

Sir Henry and Captain Good looked at each other, and Captain Good nodded.

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir former, "I am going to tell you a story, and ask your advice, and perhaps your assistance. The agent who forwarded me your

"my brother had a few hundred pounds to his account at the time, and without saying anything to me he drew out this paltry sum, and having adopted the name of Neville, started off for South Africa in the wild hope of making a fortune. Some three years passed, and I heard nothing of my brother, though I wrote several times. Doubtless the letters never reached him. But as time went on I grew more and more troubled about him."

"Well, Mr. Quatermain, I set inquiries on foot, and your letter was one of the results. So far as it went it was satisfactory, for it showed that till lately George was alive. So, to cut a long story short, I made up my mind to come out and look for him myself, and Captain Good was so kind as to come with me."

"Yes," said the captain; "nothing else to do, you see. Turned out by my Lords of the Admiralty to starve on half pay. And now perhaps, sir, you will tell us what you know or have heard of the gentleman called Neville."

"What was it that you heard about my brother's journey at Bamangwato?" said Sir Henry, as I paused to fill my pipe before answering Captain Good.

"I heard this," I answered, "and I have never mentioned it to a soul till to-day. I heard that he was starting for Solomon's Mines."

(To be continued)

Illustrations taken from the Gaumont - British picture, "King Solomon's Mines."

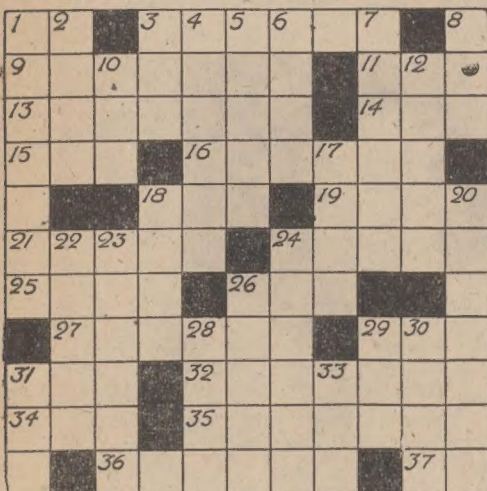
## WANGLING WORDS—420

1. Put a rhyme in OAS and go abroad.
2. Rearrange the letters of the following and get three cooking utensils: CAN YOU PEAS? SEE TRAM, SO ROT FAT KING.
3. In the following four fruits the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? — 7264K75883, 71275883, 486N75883, 7U22645.
4. Find the two hidden flowers in: Reggie's at O.C.T.U., Liphook way, and Gladys has terrible sunburn but enjoys herself.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 419

1. Colonel. (Wears a 'crown' over two stars!).
2. ARKANSAS, NEBRASKA, KENTUCKY.
3. Heart, Arm, Head, Ear, Throat.
4. Go-a-T, Cal-f.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

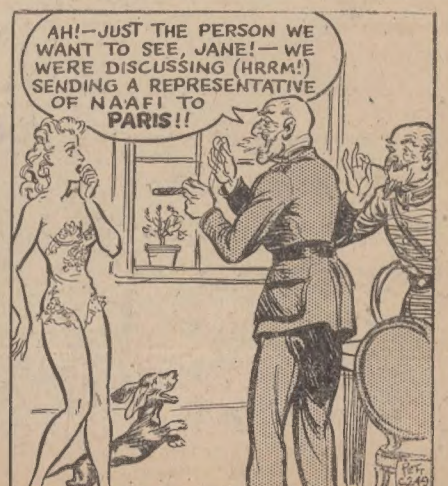
1. Possessing.
3. Rabbits.
9. Of an antiseptic.
11. Vehicle.
13. Rostrum.
14. Difficulty.
15. Tot.
16. Guest.
18. Veto.
19. Promontory.
21. At no time.
24. Virile.
25. Jib.
26. Match in contest.
27. Glossy fabric.
29. Through.
31. Bird.
32. Ateliers.
34. Former.
35. Persevering.
36. Described as.
37. Affirmative.

DRAPED NEWT  
LOTA OLIVER  
GATHER LIEU  
EMULIKEN A  
S NOISE CAN  
TRENT GUEST  
E SEE N S  
HALE NECTAR  
EDITOR LIME  
MEN DOZEN L  
PROPEL STAY

### CLUES DOWN.

1. Secures.
2. Wade across.
3. Vehicle.
4. Visual.
5. Silk fabric.
6. Sugar-coated.
7. Shelter.
8. Sphere.
10. Free.
12. Of the ear.
17. Indian mountain.
18. Connecting strap.
20. Line of rulers.
22. Supporting frame.
23. Served meat.
24. Space of time.
26. Part of flower.
28. Catch sight of.
29. Contend.
30. Scottish isle.
31. Sailing vessel.
33. Accomplished.

## JANE









Good  
Morning



## Alexis

SMITH, ALEXIS, is the name, though this brilliant new Warner Bros.' star is probably no relation to any of the Smiths you have known—worse luck! Versatility is the gal's middle name, and to prove it we've obtained pictures of her in four of her leading roles: (a) The Pin-Up Girl; (b) The Gin-Up Girl; (c) The Chin-Up Girl; (d) The Sin-Up Girl.



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And this is me as the 'Gin-up' Cat."

